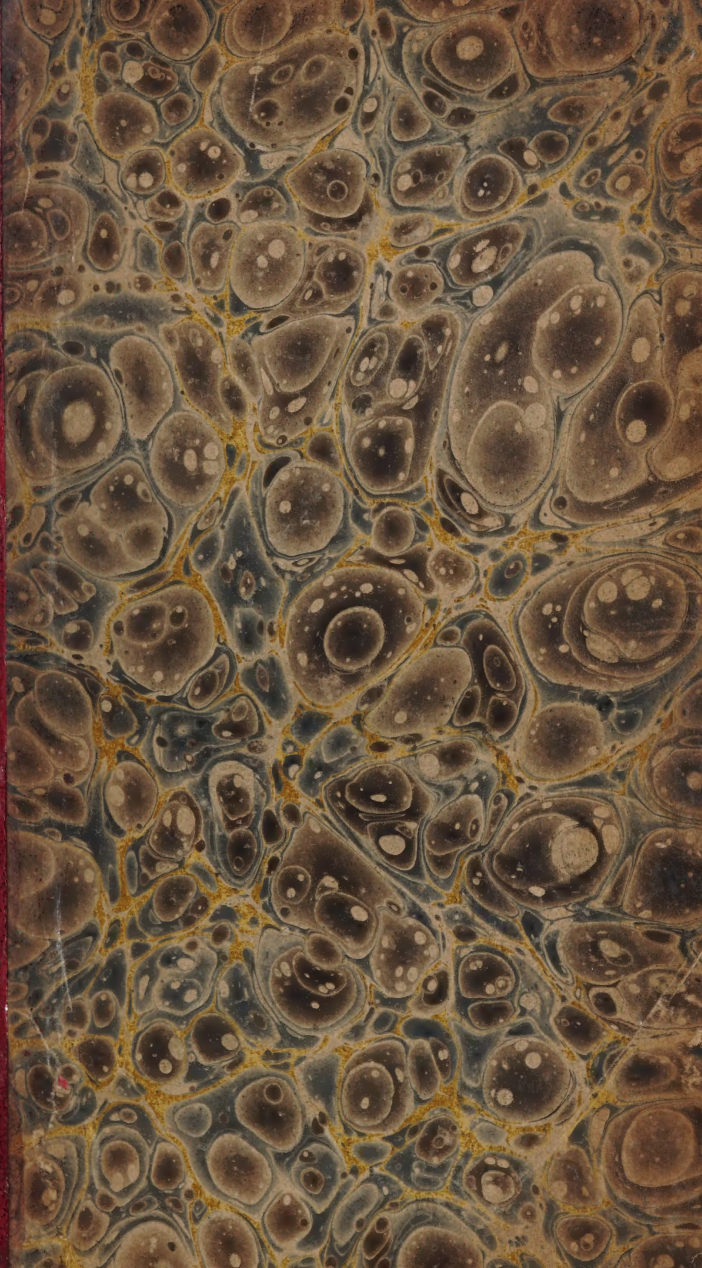

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

[The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh *Review*, is surpassed by nothing, with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon."]

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulphing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disapp ear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away.
Youth smiled and all was Heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and wo!
When age comes on.

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First Edition

COPLAS

DE

DON JORGE MANRIQUE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH;

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

ON

THE MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF SPAIN.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
Professor of Mod. Lang. and Lit. in Bowdoin College.

BOSTON:
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I. R. BUTTS, SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

PREFACE.

The object of this little work is to place in the hands of the lovers of Spanish literature the most beautiful moral poem of that language. The original is printed with the translation, that in the estimate of those, at least, who are versed in the Spanish tongue, the author may not suffer for the imperfections of the translator.

The great art of translating well lies in the power of rendering literally the words of a foreign author, while at the same time we preserve the spirit of the original. But how far one of these requisites of a good translation may be sacrificed to the other — how far a translator is at liberty to embellish the original before him, while clothing it in a new language, is a question, which has been decided differently by persons of different tastes. The sculptor, when he transfers to the inanimate marble the form and features of a living being, may be said not only to copy, but to translate. But the sculptor cannot represent in marble the beauty and expression of the human eye ; and in order to remedy

this defect as far as possible, he is forced to transgress the rigid truth of nature. By sinking the eye deeper, and making the brow more prominent above it, he produces a stronger light and shade, and thus gives to the statue more of the spirit and life of the original, than he could have done by an exact copy. So, too, the translator. As there are certain beauties of thought and expression in a good original, which cannot be fully represented in the less flexible material of another language, he, too, at times may be permitted to transgress the rigid truth of language, and remedy the defect, as far as such a defect can be remedied, by slight and judicious embellishments.

By this principle I have been guided in the following translations. I have rendered literally the words of the original, when it could be done without injuring their spirit; and when this could not be done, I have occasionally used the embellishment of an additional epithet, or a more forcible turn of expression. How far I have succeeded in my purpose, the reader shall determine.

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the principal poem in this collection, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. It is a remarkable fact, that nearly all the Spanish poets of any eminence have been soldiers; and that most of them have died, either

upon the field of battle, or in the cloister. Jorge Manrique followed the profession of arms, and fought beneath his father's banner. He died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as 'a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from exercising and exhibiting to the world his many virtues, and the light of his genius, which was already known to fame.'* He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes, and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés;†

* Mozo de prendas, y que en esta guerra dió grandes muestras de su valor. Vivió poco, que fué causa de no poder por mucho tiempo exercitar ni manifestar al mundo sus virtudes, y la luz de su ingenio, que fué muy señalado. MARIANA, Historia General de España. T. xii, p. 307.

† Don Rodrigo Manrique, Conde de Paredes y Maestre que se llamaba de Santiago, falleció en Uclés por el mes de Noviembre; caballero que fué muy noble y muy principal, y que ganó los años pasados de los Moros la villa de Huescar en el reyno de Granada, con que se hizo muy nombrado. Su cuerpo sepultáron en aquel pueblo, do falleció, en la capilla mayor con enterramiento y honras que le hiciéron muy principales. Hist. de España. T. xii, p. 322.

but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña.* It was his death that called forth the poem, upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, 'Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant ode, full of poetic beauties, and the rich embellishments of genius and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn.'† This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on, — calm, dignified and majestic.

H. W. L.

Bowdoin College, August 9, 1833.

* En su villa de Ocaña
Vino la muerte á llamar
Á su puerta.

COPLA XXXV.

† Don Jorge Manrique en unas trovas muy elegantes, en que hay virtudes poéticas, y ricos esmaltes de ingenio y sentencias graves, à manera de endecha lloró la muerte de su padre.

MARIANA, T. xii, p. 322.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

ON

THE MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF SPAIN.

There is hardly a chapter in literary history, more strongly marked with the peculiarities of national character, than that which contains the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. It would naturally be expected, that in this department of literature, all the fervency and depth of national feeling would be exhibited. But still, as the spirit of morality and devotion is the same, wherever it exists, — as the enthusiasm of virtue and religion is everywhere essentially the same feeling, though modified in its degree and in its action, by a variety of physical causes and local circumstances, — and as the subject of the didactic verse and the spiritual canticle cannot be materially changed by the change of nation and climate, it might at the first glance seem quite as natural to expect, that the moral and devotional poetry of christian countries would never be very strongly marked with national peculiarities. In other words, we should

expect it to correspond to the warmth or coldness of national feeling, for it is the external and visible expression of this feeling; but not to the distinctions of national character, because its nature and object being every where the same, these distinctions become swallowed up in one universal christian character.

In moral poetry this is doubtless true. The great principles of christian morality being eternal and invariable, the verse, which embodies and represents them, must, from this very circumstance, be the same in its spirit through all christian lands. The same, however, is not necessarily true of devotional or religious poetry. There, the language of poetry is something more than the visible image of a devotional spirit. It is also an expression of religious faith; shadowing forth, with greater or less distinctness, its various creeds and doctrines. As these are different in different nations, the spirit that breathes in religious song, and the letter, that gives utterance to the doctrine of faith, will not be universally the same. Thus catholic nations sing the praises of the Virgin Mary in language, in which nations of the protestant faith do not unite; and among protestants themselves, the difference of interpretations, and the consequent belief or disbelief of certain doctrines, give a various spirit and expression to religious poetry. And yet in all, the devotional feeling, — the heavenward volition, — is the same.

So far, then, as peculiarities of religious faith exercise an influence upon intellectual habits, and thus become a part of national character, just so far will the devotional or religious poetry of a country exhibit the characteristic peculiarities, resulting from this influence of faith, and its assimilation with the national mind. Now Spain is by

preëminence the catholic land of Christendom. Most of her historic recollections are more or less intimately associated with the triumphs of the christian faith; and many of her warriors, — of her best and bravest, — were martyrs in the holy cause, perishing in that war of centuries, which was carried on within her own territories between the crescent of Mahomet and the cross of Christ. Indeed, the whole tissue of her history is interwoven with miraculous tradition. The intervention of her patron saint has saved her honor in more than one dangerous pass; and the war-shout of *Santiago, y cierra España!* has worked like a charm upon the wavering spirit of the soldier. A reliance on the guardian ministry of the saints pervades the whole people, and devotional offerings for signal preservation in times of danger and distress, cover the consecrated walls of churches. An enthusiasm of religious feeling, and of external, ritual observances, prevails throughout the land. But more particularly is the name of the Virgin honored and adored. *Ave Maria* is the salutation of peace at the friendly threshold, and the God-speed to the way-farer. It is the evening orison when the toils of day are done; and at midnight it echoes along the solitary street in the voice of the watchman's cry.

These and similar peculiarities of religious faith are breathing and moving through a large portion of the devotional poetry of Spain. It is not only instinct with religious feeling, but incorporated with 'the substance of things not seen.' Not only are the poet's lips touched with a coal from the altar, but his spirit is folded in the cloud of incense that rises before the shrines of the Virgin Mother and the glorious company of the saints and martyrs. His soul is not wholly swallowed up in the con-

templation of the sublime attributes of the Eternal Mind, but with its lamp trimmed and burning, it goeth out to meet the bridegroom, as if he were coming in a bodily presence.

The history of the devotional poetry of Spain commences with the legendary lore of Maestro Gonzalvo de Berceo, a secular priest, whose life was passed in the cloisters of a Benedictine convent, and amid the shadows of the thirteenth century. The name of Berceo stands foremost on the catalogue of Spanish poets, for the author of the Poem of the Cid is unknown. The old patriarch of Spanish poetry has left a monument of his existence in upwards of thirteen thousand alexandrines, celebrating the lives and miracles of Saints, and the Virgin, as he found them written in the Latin chronicles and dusty legends of his monastery. In embodying these in rude verse in *roman paladino*, or the old Spanish romance tongue, intelligible to the common people, Fray Gonzalvo seems to have passed his life. His writings are just such as we should expect from the pen of a monk of the thirteenth century. They are more ghostly than poetical; and throughout, unction holds the place of inspiration. Accordingly they illustrate very fully the preceding remarks, and the more so, inasmuch as they are written with the most ample and childish credulity, and the utmost singleness of faith, touching the events and miracles described.

The following extract is taken from one of Berceo's poems, entitled 'Vida de San Millan.' It is a description of the miraculous appearance of Santiago and San Millan, mounted on snow-white steeds and fighting for the cause of Christendom, at the battle of Simancas in the *Campo de Toro.*

* And when the kings were in the field, — their squadrons in array,
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes, —
These were a numerous army, — a little handful those.

And while the christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward toward heaven they turned their eyes and fixed their thoughts on high;
And there two persons they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow, their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen,
The one, he held a crosier, — a pontiff's mitre wore,
The other held a crucifix, — such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they, —
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way.

---

* Quando estaban en campo los Reys, azes paradas,
Mezclaban las feridas, las lanzas abaxadas,
Temiense los Christianos de las obras mesnadas,
Ca eran ellos pocos, è ellas mui granadas.

Mientre en esta dubda sedien las buenas yentes,
Asuso contral Cielo fueron parando mientes;
Vieron dues personas fermosas è lucientes,
Mucho eran mas blancas que las nieves recientes.

Vinien en dos caballos plus blancos que cristal,
Armas quales non vío nunqua ome mortal:
El uno tenie croza, mitra pontifical,
El otro una cruz, ome non vío tal.

Avien caras angelicas, celestial figura,
Descendien por el aer à una grand pressura,

They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The christian host beholding this, straightway take heart again,
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around,
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high,

---

Catando à los Moros con turva catadura,
Espadas sobre mano, un signo de pavura.

Los Christianos con esto foron mas esforzados,
Fincaron los ynoios en tierra apeados,
Firien todos los pechos con los puños cerrados,
Prometiendo emienda à Dios de sus peccados.

Quando cerca de tierra fueron los caballeros,
Dieron entre los Moros dando golpes certeros,
Ficieron tal domage en los mas delanteros,
Que plegó el espanto à los mas postremeros.

A vuelta destos ambos que del Cielo vinieron,
Aforzaron Christianos, al ferir se metieron,

The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore,
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers, — fast sped the bloody fight, —
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half-dead with fright,
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befel them, — they dreamed not of such woes, —
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows,
Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

* * * *

Now he that bore the crosier and the papal crown had on
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood.

Iuraban los Moriellos por la lei que prisieron,
Que nunqua en sos dias tal priesa non ovieron.

Caien à mui grand priesa los Moros descreidos,
Los unos desmembrados, los otros desmedridos,
Repisos eran mucho que hi eran venidos,
Ca entendien del pleyto que serien mal exidos.

Cuntiolis otra cosa que ellos non sonnaban,
Essas saetas mismas que los Moros tiraban,
Tornaban contra ellos, en ellos se fincaban,
La fonta que ficieron carament la compraban.

* * * *

El que tenie la mitra è la croza en mano,
Essi fue el Apostol de Sant Juan ermano,
El que la cruz tenie è el capiello plano
Esse fue Sant Millan el varon Cogollano.

Berceo's longest poem is entitled '*Miraclos de Nuestra Señora*,' Miracles of Our Lady. It consists of nearly four thousand lines, and contains the description of twentyfive miracles. It is a complete homily on the homage and devotion due to the glorious Virgin, *Madre de Jhu Xpo*, mother of Jesus Christ; but it is written in a low and vulgar style, strikingly at variance with the elevated character of the subject. Thus, in the twentieth miracle, we have the account of a monk, who

> Entró enna bodega un dia per ventura,
> Bebió mucho del vino, esto fo sin mesura.

Having lain on the floor till the vesper bell aroused him, he staggers off towards the church in most melancholy plight. The Evil One besets him on the way, assuming the various shapes of a bull, a dog, and a lion; but from all these perils he is miraculously saved by the timely intervention of the Virgin, who finding him still too much intoxicated to make his way to bed, kindly takes him by the hand, leads him to his pallet, covers him with a blanket and a counterpane, smooths his pillow, and after making the sign of the cross over him, tells him to rest quietly, for sleep will do him good.*

---

* La Reina preciosa è de precioso fecho
Prísolo por la mano, levólo por al lecho,
Cubriolo con la manta è con el sobrelecho,
Pusol so la cabeza el cabezal derecho.

Demas quando lo ovo en su lecho echado
Sanctiguol con su diestra, è fo bien sanctiguado:
Amigo, dissol, fuelga, ca eres mui lazrado,
Con un pocco que duermas luego seras folgado

To a certain class of minds, there may be something interesting and even affecting in descriptions, which represent the spirit of a departed saint as thus assuming a corporeal shape, in order to assist and console human nature even in its baser infirmities; but it ought also to be considered, how much such descriptions tend to strip religion of its peculiar sanctity, to bring it down from its heavenly abode, not merely to dwell among men, but like an imprisoned culprit, to be chained to the derelict of principle, manacled with the base desire and earthly passion, and forced to do the menial offices of a slave. In descriptions of this kind, as in the representations of our Savior, and of sainted spirits in a human shape, execution must of necessity fall far short of the conception. The handiwork cannot equal the glorious archetype, which is visible only to the mental eye. Painting and sculpture are not adequate to the task of embodying in a permanent shape, the glorious visions, the radiant forms, the glimpses of heaven, which fill the imagination, when purified and exalted by devotion. The hand of man unconsciously inscribes upon all his works the sentence of imperfection, which the finger of the invisible hand wrote upon the wall of the Assyrian monarch. From this it would seem to be not only a natural, but a necessary conclusion, that all the descriptions of poetry, which borrow anything either directly or indirectly from these bodily and imperfect representations, must partake of their imperfection, and assume a more earthly and material character, than those which come glowing and burning from the more spiritualized perceptions of the internal sense.

Of Berceo's Miracles of Our Lady, the following is one of the shortest and best.

* Saint Miguel of the Tumba is a convent vast and wide,
The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side ;
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide
The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,
Of pious fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood ;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,
And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne the Virgin mother smiled,
And as the custom is, she held within her arms the child :
The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her side,
Attended was she like a queen, whom God had sanctified.

* * * *

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung,
A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in vulgar tongue ;
From the feathers of the peacock's wing 't was fashioned bright and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when the morning stars are there.

---

* San Migael de la Tumba es un grand monesterio,
El mar lo cerca todo, elli iace en medio ;
El logar perigroso, do sufren gran lacerio
Los monges que hi viven en essi cimiterio.

En esti monesterio que avemos nomnado,
Avie de buenos monges buen convento probado,
Altar de la Gloriosa rico è mui onrrado,
En el rica imagen de precio mui granado.

Estaba la imagen en su trono posada,
Se fijo en sus brazos, cosa es costumnada,
Los Reis redor ella, sedie bien compannada,
Como rica Reina de Dios santificada.

* * * *

Colgaba delant ella un buen aventadero,
En el seglar lenguage dicenli moscadero :
De alas de pavones lo fizo el obrero,
Lucie como estrellas semeiant de lucero.

It chanced that for the people's sins fell the lightning's blasting stroke,
Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming broke,
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book,
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls forsook.

* * * *

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, — it did not reach the child;
It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone,
Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not burn the screen,
Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I ween;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more the shrine,
Than the Bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by hand of mine.

Cadio rayo del Cielo por los graves peccados,
Encendió la eglesia de todos quatro cabos,
Quemó todos los libros è los pannos sagrados,
Por pocco que los monges que non foron quemados.

* * * *

Maguer que fue el fuego tan fuert è tan quemant,
Nin plegó à la duenna, nin plego al infant,
Nin plegó al flabello que colgaba delant,
Ni li fizo de danno un dinero pesant.

Nin ardió la imagen, nin ardió el flabello,
Nin prisieron de danno quanto val un cabello,
Sola miente el fumo non se llegó à ello,
Nin nucio mas que nuzo io al Obispo Don Tello.

Continens et contentum, — all was in ruins laid,
A heap of smouldering embers that holy pile was made ;
But where the sacred image sat, a fathom's length around,
The raging flame dared not approach the consecrated ground.

It was a wondrous miracle to those that thither came,
That the image of the Virgin was safe from smoke and flame,
That brighter than the brightest star appeared the feathery screen,
And seated there the child still fair, — and fair the Virgin Queen.

* * * *

The Virgin Queen, — the sanctified, who from an earthly flame
Preserved the robes that pious hands had hung around her frame,
Thus from an ever-burning fire her servants shall deliver,
And lead them to that high abode, where the good are blessed forever.

Continens è contentum, fue todo astragado,
Tornó todo carbones, fo todo asolado :
Mas redor de la imagen quanto es un estado,
Non fizo mal el fuego ca non era osado.

Esto lo vieron todos por fiera maravella,
Que nin fumo nin fuego non se llegó à ella,
Que sedie el flabello mas claro que estrella,
El ninno mui fermoso fermosa la poncella.

* * * *

La Virgo benedicta Reina general
Como libró su toca de esti fuego tal,
Asin libra sus siervos del fuego perennal,
Lievalos à la gloria do nunqua vean mal.

It is very far from my intention to utter any sweeping denunciation against the divine arts of painting and sculpture, as employed in the exhibition of Scriptural scenes and personages. These I esteem meet ornaments for the house of God. Though, as I have already said, their execution cannot equal the high conceptions of an ardent imagination, yet whenever the hand of a master is visible, — when the marble almost moves before you, and the painting starts into life from the canvas, the effect upon an enlightened mind will generally, if not universally, be to quicken its sensibilities and excite to more ardent devotion, by carrying the thoughts beyond the representations of bodily suffering, to the contemplation of the intenser mental agony, — the moral sublimity exhibited by the martyr. The impressions produced, however, will not be the same in all minds; they will necessarily vary according to the prevailing temper and complexion of the mind, which receives them. As there is no sound where there is no ear to receive the impulses and vibrations of the air, so is there no moral impression, — no voice of instruction from all the works of nature, and all the imitations of art, — unless there be within the soul itself a capacity for hearing the voice, and receiving the moral impulse. The cause exists eternally and universally; but the effect is produced only when and where the cause has room to act, and just in proportion as it has room to act. Hence the various moral impressions, and the several degrees of the same moral impression, which an object may produce in different minds. These impressions will vary in kind and in degree, according to the acuteness and the cultivation of the internal moral sense. And thus the representations spoken of above might exercise a very favorable influence upon an en-

lightened and well regulated mind, and at the same time a very unfavorable influence upon an unenlightened and superstitious one. And the reason is obvious. An enlightened mind beholds all things in their just proportions, and receives from them the true impressions they are calculated to convey. It is not hood-winked, — it is not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence; but it walks abroad; the sunshine and the air pour in to enlighten and expand it; the various works of Nature are its ministering angels: — the glad recipient of light and wisdom, it developes new powers and acquires increased capacities, and thus, rendering itself less subject to error, assumes a nearer similitude to the Eternal Mind. But not so the dark and superstitious mind. It is filled with its own antique and mouldy furniture, — the moth-eaten tome, — the gloomy tapestry, — the dusty curtain. The straggling sunbeam from without streams through the stained window, and as it enters assumes the colors of the painted glass; — while the half-extinguished fire within, now smouldering in its ashes, and now shooting forth a quivering flame, casts fantastic shadows through the chambers of the soul. Within the spirit sits, lost in its own abstractions. The voice of nature from without is hardly audible; her beauties are unseen, or seen only in shadowy forms, through a colored medium, and with a strained and distorted vision. The invigorating air does not enter that mysterious chamber; it visits not that lonely inmate, who, breathing only a close exhausted atmosphere, exhibits in the languid frame and feverish pulse, the marks of lingering, incurable disease. The picture is not too strongly sketched; — such is the contrast be-

tween the free and the superstitious mind. Upon the latter, which has little power over its ideas, — to generalize them, — to place them in their proper light and position, — to reason upon, to discriminate, to judge them in detail, — and thus to arrive at just conclusions, but on the contrary receives every crude and inadequate impression as it first presents itself, and treasures it up as an ultimate fact,—upon such a mind, we think that representations of Scripture scenes, like those mentioned above, exercise an unfavorable influence. Such a mind cannot rightly estimate, — it cannot feel the work of a master, and a miserable daub, or a still more miserable caricature carved in wood, will serve only to increase the burden which weighs the spirit down to earth. Thus in the unenlightened mind, these representations have a tendency to sensualize and desecrate the character of holy things. Being brought constantly before the eye, and represented in a real and palpable form to the external senses, they lose, by being made too familiar, that peculiar sanctity, with which the mind naturally invests the unseen and invisible.

It is curious to observe the influence of the circumstances just referred to, upon the devotional poetry of Spain.* Sometimes it exhibits itself directly and fully;

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* The following beautiful little hymn in Latin, written by the celebrated Francisco Xavier, the friend and companion of Loyola, and from his zeal in the Eastern Missions, surnamed the Apostle of the Indias, would hardly have originated in any mind, but that of one familiar with the representations, of which I have spoken above.

'O Deus! ego amo te: Nec amo te, ut salves me, Aut quia non amantes te Æterno punis igne.	'O God! my spirit loves but thee, Not that in heaven its home may be, Nor that the souls which love not thee Shall groan in fire eternally.

at others, more indirectly and incidentally; but always with sufficient clearness to indicate its origin. Sometimes it destroys the beauty of a poem by a miserable conceit; at others, it gives it the character of a beautiful allegory.*

The most remarkable portion of the devotional poetry

'Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam:
Innumeros dolores
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem: et hæc propter me
Ac pro me peccatore.

'Cur igitur non amem te
O Jesu amantissime?
Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Nec prœmii ullius spe:
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te:
Solum quia rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es.
Amen.'

'But thou on the accursed tree
In mercy hast embraced me.
For me, the cruel *nails*, — *the spear*,
The ignominious scoff didst bear,
Countless, unutterable woes, —
The bloody sweat, — death's pangs and throes,
These thou didst bear, all these for me,
A sinner and estranged from thee.

'And wherefore no affection show,
Jesus, to thee that lov'st me so?
Not that in Heaven my home may be,
Not lest I die eternally, —
Nor from the hopes of joys above me:
But even as thyself didst love me,
So love I, and will ever love thee:
Solely because my King art thou,
My God forevermore as now.
Amen.'

* I recollect but few instances of this kind of figurative poetry in our language. There is, however, one of most exquisite beauty and pathos, far surpassing anything I have seen of the kind in Spanish. It is a passage from Cowper.

'I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by the archers: in his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.'

of the Spaniards, is to be found in their sacred dramas, their *Vidas de Santos* and *Autos Sacramentales.* These had their origin in the *Mysteries* and *Moralities* of the dark ages; and are indeed monstrous creations of the imagination. The *Vidas de Santos*, or Lives of Saints, are representations of their miracles, and of the wonderful traditions concerning them. The *Autos Sacramentales* have particular reference to the eucharist and the ceremonies of the *Corpus Christi.* In these theatrical pieces are introduced upon the stage, not only Angels and Saints, but God, the Savior, the Virgin Mary, and in strange juxta-position with these, devils, peasants, and kings; in fine, they contain the strangest medley of characters, real and allegorical, which the imagination can conceive. As if this were not enough, in the midst of what was intended as a solemn religious celebration, scenes of low buffoonery are often introduced.

The most remarkable of the *Autos* which I have read, is *La Devocion de la Cruz;* The Devotion of the Cross. It is one of the most celebrated of Calderon's sacred dramas; and will serve as an example of that class of writing. As it will throw much light upon this part of the subject, I shall give a brief analysis of it, by way of illustration to my foregoing remarks. The piece commences by a dialogue between Lisardo, the son of Curcio, a decayed nobleman, and Eusebio, the hero of the play and lover of Julia, Lisardo's sister. Though the father's extravagance has wasted his estates, Lisardo is deeply offended that Eusebio should aspire to an alliance with the family, and draws him into a secluded place in order to settle their dispute with the sword. Here the scene opens, and in the course of the dialogue, which precedes the combat, Eusebio relates that he was born at the foot

of a cross, which stood in a rugged and desert part of those mountains; that the virtue of this cross preserved him from the wild beasts; that being found by a peasant, three days after his birth, he was carried to a neighboring village, and there received the name of Eusebio of the Cross; that being thrown by his nurse into a well, he was heard to laugh, and was found floating upon the top of the water, with his hands placed upon his mouth in the form of a cross; that the house, in which he dwelt, being consumed by fire, he escaped unharmed amid the flames, and it was found to be Corpus Christi day; and in fine, after relating many other similar miracles worked by the power of the cross, at whose foot he was born, he says that he bears its image miraculously stamped upon his breast. After this they fight, and Lisardo falls mortally wounded. In the next scene, Eusebio has an interview with Julia at her father's house; — they are interrupted, and Eusebio conceals himself; — Curcio enters, and informs Julia that he has determined to send her that day to a convent, that she may take the veil, *para ser de Cristo esposa.* While they are conversing, the dead body of Lisardo is brought in by peasants, and Eusebio is declared to be the murderer. The scene closes by the escape of Eusebio. The second act, or *jornada*, discovers Eusebio as the leader of a band of robbers. They fire upon a traveller, who proves to be a priest, named Alberto, and who is seeking a spot in those solitudes, wherein to establish a hermitage. The shot is prevented from taking effect by a book, which the pious old man carries in his bosom, and which he says is a 'treatise on the true origin of the divine and heavenly tree, on which, dying with courage and fortitude, Christ triumphed over death; in fine, the book is called the

Miracles of the Cross.' They suffer the priest to depart unharmed, who in consequence promises Eusebio, that he shall not die without confession, but that wherever he may be, if he but call upon his name, he will hasten to absolve him. In the meantime, Julia retires to a convent, and Curcio goes with an armed force in pursuit of Eusebio, who has resolved to gain admittance to Julia's convent. He scales the walls of the convent by night, and silently gropes his way along the corridor. Julia is discovered sleeping in her cell, with a taper beside her. He is, however, deterred from executing his malicious designs, by discovering upon her breast the form of a cross similar to that which he bears upon his own, and 'Heaven would not suffer him, though so great an offender, to lose his respect for the cross.' To be brief, he leaps from the convent walls, and escapes to the mountains. Julia, counting her honor lost, having offended God, *como á Dios, y como á esposa*, in despair pursues him, — descends the ladder from the convent wall, and when she again seeks to return to her cell, finds the ladder has been removed. In her despair, she accuses Heaven of having withdrawn its clemency, and vows to perform such deeds of wickedness as shall terrify both Heaven and earth, and cause

> 'Horror al mismo pecado
> y terror al mismo infierno.'

The third *jornada* transports the scene back to the mountains. Julia, disguised in man's apparel, with her face concealed, is brought to Eusebio by a party of the banditti. She challenges him to single combat; and he accepts the challenge on condition, that his antagonist shall declare who he is. Julia discovers herself; and

relates several horrid murders she has committed since leaving the convent. Their interview is here interrupted by the entrance of banditti, who inform Eusebio that Curcio, with an armed force, from all the neighboring villages, is approaching. The attack commences. Eusebio and Curcio meet, but a secret and mysterious sympathy prevents them from fighting; and a great number of peasants, coming in at this moment, rush upon Eusebio in a body, and he is thrown down a precipice. There Curcio discovers him, expiring with his numerous wounds. The *denouement* of the piece commences. Curcio, moved by compassion, examines a wound in Eusebio's breast, discovers the mark of the cross, and thereby recognises him to be his son. Eusebio expires, calling on the name of Alberto, who shortly after enters, as if lost in those mountains. A voice from the dead body of Eusebio calls his name. I shall here transcribe a part of the scene.

* *Eusebio.* Alberto!
Alberto. Hark! — what breath
Of fearful voice is this,
Which uttering my name
Sounds in my ears?
Eu Alberto!
Alb. Again it doth pronounce
My name: methinks the voice

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* *Eusebio.* ¡ Alberto!
Alberto. ¿Qué aliento es este
de una temorosa voz,
que, repitiendo mi nombre,
en mis oidos sonó?
Eus. ¡Alberto!
Alb. Otra vez pronuncia
mi nombre, y me pareció

Came from this side: I will
Approach . . . .

Eus. Alberto!

Alb. Hist! more near it sounds.
Thou voice, that ridest swift
The wind, and utterest my name,
Who art thou?

Eus. I am Eusebio.
Come, good Alberto, this way come,
Where sepulchred I lie;
Approach, and raise these branches:
Fear not.

Alb. I do not fear.
[*Discovers the body.*
. . Now I behold thee.
Speak, in God's holy name
What would'st thou with me?

Eus. In his name,
My faith, Alberto, called thee,

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que es á esta parte; yo quiero
ir llegando . . . .

Eus. ¡ Alberto!

Alb. Mas cerca suena.
¿ Voz, que discurres veloz
el viento, y mi nombre dices,
quien eres?

Eus. Eusebio soy.
Llega, Alberto, hácia esta parte,
adonde enterrado estoy;
Llega, y levanta estos ramos;
no temas.

Alb. No temo yo.
[*Alberto le descubre.*
. . Ya estás descubierto.
Dime de parte de Dios,
¿ qué me quieres?

Eus. De su parte
mi fe, Alberto, te llamó,

That previous to my death
Thou hearest my confession.
Long since I should have died,
And this stiff corpse resigned
The disembodied soul;
But the strong mace of death
Smote only, and dissevered not
The spirit and the flesh. [*Rises.*
Come, then, Alberto, that I may
Confess my sins, for oh! — they are
More than the sands beside the sea,
Or motes that fill the sunbeam.
So much with Heaven avails
Devotion to the Cross.

Eusebio then retires to confess himself to Alberto; and Curcio afterwards relates, that when the venerable saint had given him absolution, his body again fell dead at his feet. Julia discovers herself, overwhelmed with the thoughts of her incestuous passion for Eusebio and her other crimes, and as Curcio in a transport of indignation endeavors to kill her, she seizes a cross which stands over

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para que, antes de morir,
me oyeses de confesion.
Rato ha que hubiera muerto,
pero libre se quedó
del espíritu el cadáver;
que de la muerte el feroz
golpe le privó del uso,
pero no le dividó. [*Levántase.*
Ven adonde mis pecados
confiese, Alberto, que son
mas que del mar las arenas,
y los atamos del sol.
Tanto con el cielo puede
de la Cruz la Devocion.

Eusebio's grave, and with it ascends to Heaven, while Alberto shouts *gran milagro*, and the curtain falls.

Thus far have I spoken of the devotional poetry of Spain as modified by the peculiarities of religious faith and practice. Considered apart from the dogmas of a creed, and as the expression of those pure and elevated feelings of religion, which are not the prerogative of any one sect or denomination, but the common privilege of all, it possesses strong claims to our admiration and praise. I know of nothing in any modern tongue so beautiful, as some of its finest passages. The thought springs heavenward from the soul, — the language comes burning from the lip. The imagination of the poet seems spiritualized; with nothing of earth and all of Heaven; — a Heaven, like that of his own native clime, without a cloud, or a vapor of earth, to obscure its brightness. His voice, speaking the harmonious accents of that noble tongue, seems to flow from the lips of an angel, — melodious to the ear, and to the internal sense, — breathing those

> 'Effectual whispers, whose still voice
> The soul itself more feels than hears.'

Some of the sonnets of Francisco de Aldana, a writer remarkable for the beauty of his conceptions, and the harmony of his verse, are illustrations of this remark. In what glowing language he describes the aspirations of the soul for its paternal Heaven, — its celestial home! — how beautifully portrays in a few lines the strong desire, the ardent longing of the exiled and imprisoned spirit, to wing its flight away and be at rest! The strain bears our thoughts upward with it; — it transports us to the heavenly country; — it whispers to the soul, higher, Immortal Spirit! — higher!

The most prevailing characteristics of Spanish devotional poetry are warmth of imagination, and depth and sincerity of feeling. The conception is always striking and original, and when not degraded by dogmas, and the poor, puerile conceits arising from them, beautiful and sublime. This results from the frame and temperament of the mind, and is a general characteristic of the Spanish poets, not only in this department of song, but in all the others. The very ardor of imagination, which, exercised upon minor themes, leads them into extravagance and hyperbole, when left to act in a higher and wider sphere, conducts them nearer and nearer to perfection. When imagination spreads its wings in the bright regions of devotional song, — in the pure empyrean, — judgment should direct its course, but there is no danger of its soaring too high. The heavenly land still lies beyond its utmost flight. There are heights it cannot reach; there are fields of air, which tire its wing; there is a splendor which dazzles its vision; — for there is a glory, 'which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.'

But perhaps the greatest charm of the devotional poets of Spain is their sincerity. Most of them were ecclesiastics, — men who had in sober truth renounced the realities of this life, for the hopes and promises of another. We are not to suppose that all who take holy orders are saints; but we should be still farther from believing that all are hypocrites. It would be even more absurd to suppose, that none are sincere in their professions, than that all are. Besides, with whatever feelings a man may enter the monastic life, there is something in its discipline and privations, which has a tendency to wean the mind from earth, — and to fix it upon Heaven. Doubt-

less many have seemingly renounced the world from motives of worldly aggrandizement; and others have renounced it, because it has renounced them. The former have carried with them to the cloister their earthly ambition, and the latter their dark misanthropy; and though many have daily kissed the cross, and yet grown hoary in iniquity, and shrived their souls that they might sin more gaily on,—yet solitude works miracles in the heart, and many who enter the cloister from worldly motives, find it a school wherein the soul may be trained to more holy purposes and desires. There is not half the corruption and hypocrisy within the convent's walls, that the church bears the shame of hiding in its bosom. Hermits may be holy men, though knaves have sometimes been hermits. Were they all hypocrites, who of old for their soul's sake exposed their naked bodies to the burning sun of Syria? Were they, who wandered houseless in the solitudes of Engaddi? Were they, who dwelt beneath the palm-trees by the Red Sea? — Oh, no! They were ignorant, — they were deluded, — they were fanatic, — but they were not hypocrites, — if there be any sincerity in human professions and human actions, — they were not hypocrites. During the middle ages, there was corruption in the church, — foul, shameful corruption; and now also hypocrisy may scourge itself in feigned repentance, and ambition hide its face beneath a hood; yet all is not therefore rottenness that wears a cowl! Many a pure spirit, through heavenlymindedness, and an ardent, though mistaken zeal, has fled from the temptations of the world to seek in solitude and self-communion, a closer walk with God. And not in vain. They have found the peace they sought. They have felt, indeed, what many profess to feel, but do not feel, — that they are strangers

and sojourners here, travellers who are bound for their home in a far country. It is this feeling, which we speak of as giving a peculiar charm to the devotional poetry of Spain. We compare its spirit with the spirit which its authors have exhibited in their lives. They speak of having given up the world, and it is no poetical hyperbole; — they speak of longing to be free from the weakness of the flesh, that they may commence their conversation in Heaven, and we feel that they had already begun it in lives of penitence, meditation and prayer.

With regard to the moral poetry of Spain, I need not be prolix in my remarks. In common with the devotional, it possesses the glow and fervor of Spanish feeling, and so far exhibits the national character. At the same time, as I have already had occasion to observe, the principles of christian morality being everywhere the same throughout christendom, moral poetry must everywhere display to a great extent a common and homogeneous character. The only variety it exhibits will be found, I apprehend, to consist not in the general tenor of the thought, but in the tone of feeling and consequent warmth of language, in which the thought is expressed. In all christian countries, the prevailing thought is the perishable nature of earthly possessions, and that kind of contemplative and philosophic content so well expressed by Francisco de Rioja, in one of his moral epistles, — 'a little nook among my household gods, a book and friend, and light slumbers, that neither cares nor creditors disturb, — these are enough for me :'

'Un ángulo me basta entre mis lares,
un libro y un amigo, un sueño breve
que no perturben deudas ni pesares.'

Still, something of a national character will occasionally present itself, either in the point of view, or in the coloring of the picture. It would, however, be useless to follow out this idea into detail, and to show wherein the moral poetry of Spain exhibits the features and shadows of national character.

COPLAS

DE

DON JORGE MANRIQUE.

COPLAS,

QUE HIZO DON JORGE MANRIQUE A LA MUERTE DE SU PADRE DON RODRIGO.

I.

Recuerde el alma adormida,
Avive el seso y despierte,
Contemplando
Como se paso la vida,
Como se viene la muerte,
Tan callando.
Quan presto se va el placer,
Como despues de acordado,
Da dolor ;
Como á nuestro parecer
Qualquiera tiempo pasado,
Fué mejor.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED BY DON JORGE MANRIQUE ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER DON RODRIGO.

I.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!
Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past — the past —
More highly prize.

II.

Y pues vemos lo presente,
Como en un punto se es ido,
Y acabado;
Si juzgamos sabiamente,
Daremos lo no venido,
Por pasado.
No se engañe nadie no,
Pensando que ha de durar,
Lo que espera,
Mas que duró lo que vió;
Porque todo ha de pasar,
Por tal manera.

III.

Nuestras vidas son los rios,
Que van á dar en la mar,
Que es el morir:
Allí van los señoríos
Derechos á se acabar,
Y consumir:
Allí los rios caudales,
Allí los otros medianos,
Y mas chicos,
Allegados son iguales,
Los que viven por sus manos,
Y los ricos.

II.

Onward its course the present keeps, —
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done ; —
And did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.
Let no one fondly dream again
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay ;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that 's told,
They pass away.

III.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill ; —
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

IV.

Dexo las invocaciones
De los famosos Poetas
Y Oradores:
No curo de sus ficciones,
Que traen yerbas secretas,
Sus sabores.
Aquel solo me encomiendo,
Á aquel solo invoco yo,
De verdad,
Que en este mundo viviendo,
El mundo no conoció,
Su deidad.

V.

Este mundo es el camino
Para el otro que es morada
Sin pesar;
Mas cumple tener buen tino,
Para andar esta jornada
Sin errar.
Partimos quando nascemos,
Andamos miéntras vivimos,
Y allegamos
Al tiempo, que fenescemos;
Así que quando morimos,
Descansamos.

IV.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few ;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.
To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth — the Good and Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

V.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.
Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal,
When in the mansions of the blest
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

VI.

Este mundo bueno fué,
Si bien usasemos del,
Como debemos;
Porque segun nuestra fe
Es para ganar aquel,
Que atendemos.
Y aun él hijo de Dios
Para subirnos al cielo,
Descendió
A nacer acá entre nos,
Y vivir en este suelo,
Do murió.

VII.

Ved de quan poco valor
Son las cosas tras que andamos,
Y corremos
En este mundo traidor;
Que aun primero que muramos,
Las perdemos.
Dellas deshace la edad,
Dellas casos desastrados,
Que acaescen,
Dellas por su calidad
En los mas altos estados,
Desfallescen.

VI.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.
Yes — the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Savior came ;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

VII.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery !
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.
Time steals them from us, — chances strange,
Disastrous accident, — and change
That comes to all ; —
Even in the most exalted state
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;
The strongest fall.

VIII.

Decidme, ¿ la hermosura,
La gentil frescura y tez,
De la cara,
La color y la blancura,
Quando viene la vejez,
Qué se para?
Las mañas y ligereza,
Y la fuerza corporal,
De juventud,
Todo se torna graveza,
Quando llega al arrabal,
De senectud.

IX.

¿ Pues la sangre be los Godos,
El linage y la nobleza,
Tan crecida;
Por quantas vias y modos,
Se pierde de su alteza,
En esta vida?
Unos por poco valer,
¡ Por quan baxos y abatidos,
Que los tienen!
Otros que por no tener,
Con oficios no debidos,
Se mantienen.

VIII.

Tell me, — the charms that lovers seek,
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow, —
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?
The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

IX.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!
Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others by guilt and crime maintain
The escutcheon, that without a stain
Their fathers bore.

X.

Los estados y riqueza,
Que nos dexan á deshora,
¿ Quien lo duda ?
No les pidamos firmeza,
Porque son de una señora
Que se muda.
Que bienes son de fortuna,
Que revuelve con su rueda,
Presurosa :
La qual no puede ser una,
Ni ser estable ni queda,
En una cosa.

XI.

Pero digo que acompañen,
Y lleguen hasta la huesa
Con su dueño ;
Por eso no nos engañen,
Que se va la vida apriesa
Como sueño.
Y los deleytes de acá,
Son en que nos deleytamos,
Temporales,
Y los tormentos de allá,
Que por ellos esperamos,
Eternales.

X.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they
Of fickle heart.
These gifts in fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

XI.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles till the grave
Reclaimed its prey;
Let none on such poor hopes rely,
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?
Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust, —
They fade and die;
But in the life beyond the tomb
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

XII.

Los placeres y dulzores,
De esta vida trabajada
Que tenemos,
¿Qué son sino corredores,
Y la muerte es la celada,
En que caemos?
No mirando á nuestro daño,
Corremos á rienda suelta,
Sin parar:
Desque vemos el engaño,
Y queremos dar la vuelta,
No hay lugar.

XIII.

Si fuese en nuestro poder
Tornar la cara hermosa,
Corporal,
Como podemos hacer
El alma tan gloriosa,
Angelical;
¿Qué diligencia tan viva,
tuvieramos toda hora,
Y tan presta,
En componer la captiva,
Dexandonos la señora
Descompuesta?

XII.

The pleasures and delights which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they all
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race
In which we fall ?
No foe, no dangerous pass we heed,
Brook no delay — but onward speed
With loosened rein ;
And when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

XIII.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace, —
How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power !
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe !

XIV.

Estos Reyes poderosos,
Que vemos por escrituras
Ya pasadas,
Con casos tristes llorosos,
Fuéron sus buenas venturas
Trastornadas.
Así que no hay cosa fuerte;
Que á Papas y Emperadores
Y Prelados,
Así los trata la muerte,
Como á los pobres pastores
De ganados.

XV.

Dexemos á los Troyanos,
Que sus males no los vimos
Ni sus glorias:
Dexemos á los Romanos
Aunque oimos y leimos,
Sus historias.
No curemos de saber
Lo de aquel siglo pasado:
¿Qué fué de ello?
Vengamos á lo de ayer,
Que también es olvidado
Como aquello.

XIV.

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.
Who is the champion ? — who the strong ?
Pontiff, and priest, and sceptered throng ?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

XV.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes ;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft and read
Their histories.
Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled ;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away
Like days of old.

XVI.

¿Qué se hizo el Rey Don Juan,
Los Infantes de Aragon,
Que se hiciéron?
¿Qué fué de tanto galan,
Que fué de tanta invencion,
Como traxéron?
Las justas y los torneos,
Paramentos, bordaduras
Y cimeras
¿Qué fuéron sino devaneos?
¿Qué fuéron sino verduras
De las eras?

XVII.

¿Qué se hiciéron las damas,
Sus tocados, sus vestidos,
Sus olores?
¿Qué se hiciéron las llamas
De los fuegos encendidos
De amadores?
¿Qué se hizo aquel trobar,
Las músicas acordadas,
Que tañian?
¿Qué se hizo aquel danzar,
Aquellas ropas chapadas,
Que traian?

XVI.

Where is the King Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince, and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise
In battle done?
Tournay, and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume;
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands gay and green
That deck the tomb?

XVII.

Where are the high born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame
Low at their feet?
Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes inwrought with gold
The dancers wore?

XVIII.

Pues el otro su heredero
Don Henrique, ¿ qué poderes
Alcanzaba ?
¡ Quan blando, quan halagüero
El mundo con sus placeres
Se le daba !
Mas verás quan enemigo,
Quan contrario, quan cruel,
Se le mostró ;
Habiéndole sido amigo,
¡ Quan poco duró con él
Lo que le dió !

XIX.

Las dádivas desmedidas,
Los edificios reales
Llenos de oro,
Las vaxillas tan febridas,
Los Henriques y reales
Del tesoro,
Los jaeces y caballos
De su gente y atavíos,
Tan sobrados,
¿ Donde iremos á buscallos ?
¿ Qué fuéron sino rocíos
De los prados ?

XVIII.

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!
But oh! how false and full of guile,
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

XIX.

The countless gifts, — the stately walls, —
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate, with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;
The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array, —
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dew-drops on the grass
They passed away.

XX.

Pues su hermano el inocente,
Que en su vida sucesor
Se llamó,
¿ Qué corte tan excelente
Tuvo, y quanto gran Señor,
Que lo siguió ?
Mas como fuese mortal,
Metiólo la muerte luego
En su fragua.
¡ O juicio divinal !
Quando mas ardia el fuego
Hechaste el agua.

XXI.

Pues aquel gran Condestable,
Maestre que conocimos
Tan privado
No cumple que del se hable,
Sino solo que lo vimos
Degollado.
Sus infinitos tesoros,
Sus villas y sus lugares,
Y su mandar
¿ Qué le fuéron sino lloros,
Qué fuéron, sino pesares
Al dexar ?

XX.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!
But he was mortal; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of death,
Blasted his years;
Eternal Providence! by thee
The flame of earthly majesty
Was quenched in tears!

XXI.

Spain's haughty Constable, — the great
And gallant Master, — cruel fate
Stripped him of all.
Breathe not a whisper of his pride, —
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!
The countless treasures of his care,
Hamlets and villas green and fair,
His mighty power, —
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, — when came
The parting hour!

XXII.

Pues los otros dos hermanos,
Maestres tan prosperados
Como Reyes,
A los grandes y medianos,
Traxéron muy sojuzgados
A sus leyes.
Aquella prosperidad,
Que tan alta fué subida
Y ensalzada,
¿Qué fué sino claridad,
Que quando mas encendida
Fué amatada?

XXIII.

Tantos Duques excelentes,
Tantos Marqueses, y Condes
Y Varones
Como vimos tan potentes
Dí muerte ¿dó los escondes
Y traspones?
Y sus muy claras hazañas,
Que hiciéron en las guerras
Y en las paces,
Quando tú cruel te ensañas,
Con tus fuerzas las atierras
Y deshaces.

XXII.

His other brothers proud and high,
Masters, who in prosperity
Might rival kings,
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings ;
What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride ?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died.

XXIII.

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave !
Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O death, thy stern and cruel face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

XXIV.

Las huestes inumerables,
Los pendones, estandartes
Y banderas,
Los castillos impugnables,
Los muros, y baluartes
Y barreras,
La cava honda chapada,
O qualquier otro reparo
¿Qué aprovecha?
Que si tú vienes ayrada,
Todo lo pasas de claro
Con tu flecha.

XXV.

¡O mundo, pues que nos matas,
Fuera la vida que diste
Toda vida!
Mas, segun acá nos tratas,
Lo mejor y menos triste
Es la partida.
Es tu vida tan cubierta
De tristezas, de dolores
Muy poblada;
De los bienes tan desierta,
De placeres y dulzores
Despojada.

XXIV.

Unnumbered hosts that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed,
High battlements entrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,
And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

XXV.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
But O, thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.
Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

XXVI.

Es tu comienzo lloroso,
Tu salida siempre amarga
Y nunca buena ;
Lo de en medio trabajoso,
Y á quien das vida mas larga
Das mas pena.
Hanse tus bienes gimiendo,
Y con sudor son habidos
Los que das ;
Los males vienen corriendo
Y despues de ya venidos
Duran mas.

XXVII.

Aquel de buenos abrigo,
Amado por virtuoso
De la gente,
El Maestre Don Rodrigo
Manrique tan famoso
Y tan valiente,
Sus grandes hechos y claros,
No cumple que los alabe,
Pues los viéron ;
Ni los quiero hacer caros,
Pues el mundo todo sabe
Quales fuéron.

XXVI.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair,
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.
Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of wo,
But with a lingering step, and slow,
Its form departs.

XXVII.

And he, the goodman's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As virtue's son, —
Roderick Manrique, — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of fame
Spain's champion;
His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy, —
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

XXVIII.

Amigo de sus amigos,
¡ Qué Señor para criados
Y parientes !
¡ Qué enemigo de enemigos !
Qué maestro de esforzados
Y valientes !
¡ Qué seso para discretos !
¡ Qué gracia para donosos !
¡ Qué razon !
Muy benigno á los sugetos,
Y á los bravos y dañosos
Un leon.

XXIX.

En ventura Octaviano,
Julio Cesar en vencer
Y batallar,
En la virtud Africano,
Anibal en el saber
Y trabajar.
En la bondad un Trajano,
Tito en liberalidad
Con alegria.
En su brazo un Archiano,
Marco Tulio en la verdad
Que prometia.

XXVIII.

To friends a friend ; — how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief !
To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !
What prudence with the old and wise ;
What grace in youthful gayeties ;
In all how sage !
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

XXIX.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call ;
His Scipio's virtue ; his the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.
His was a Trajan's goodness, — his
A Titus' noble charities,
And righteous laws ;
His the Archæan's arm ; the might
Of Tully to maintain the right
In truth's just cause.

XXX.

Anotonio Pio en clemencia,
Marco Aurelio en igualdad
Del semblante,
Adriano en eloqüencia,
Teodosio en humanidad
Y buen talante,
Aurelio Alexandre fué
En disciplina y rigor
De la guerra,
Un Constantino en la fe,
Camilo en el gran amor
De su tierra.

XXXI.

No dexó grandes tesoros,
Ni alcanzó muchas riquezas
Ni vaxillas,
Mas hizo guerra á los Moros,
Ganando sus fortalezas
Y sus villas.
Y en las lides que venció,
Caballeros y caballos
Se perdiéron,
Y en este oficio ganó
Las rentas y los vasallos
Que le diéron.

XXX.

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will.
In tented field, and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway,
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; aye, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

XXXI.

He left no well-filled treasury,—
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors,—and in their fall,
Villa, and tower, and castled wall
Were his estate.
Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain,
The rents and the long vassal train
The conquered gave.

XXXII.

Pues por su honra y estado,
Si en otros tiempos pasados
Bien se hubo,
Quedando desamparado,
Con hermanos y criados
Se sostuvo.
Despues de hechos famosos,
Que hizo en aquesta guerra
Que hacia,
Hizo tratos tan honrosos,
Que le diéron muy mas tierra
Que tenia.

XXXIII.

Estas sus viejas historias,
Que con su brazo pintó
En juventud,
Con otras nuevas victorias,
Agora las renovó
En la senectud.
Por su grande habilidad,
Por méritos y ancianía
Bien gastada,
Alcanzó la dignidad
De la gran caballería
De la Espada.

XXXII.

And if of old his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His rank sustained.
After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made — that more
And fairer regions than before,
His guerdon were.

XXXIII.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which with the hand of youth he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.
By his unrivaled skill, — by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored;
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

XXXIV.

Y sus villas y sus tierras
Ocupadas de tiranos
Las halló;
Mas por cercos y por guerras,
Con la fuerza de sus manos,
Las cobró.
Pues vuestro Rey natural,
Si de las obras que obró,
Fué servido;
Digalo el de Portugal
Y Castilla quien siguió
Su partido.

XXXV.

Despues de puesta la vida
Tantas veces por su ley
Al tablero,
Despues de tan bien servida
La corona de su Rey
Verdadero;
Despues de tanta hazaña
A que no puede bastar
Cuenta cierta,
En la su villa de Ocaña
Vino la muerte á llamar
A su puerta.

XXXIV.

He found his villas and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power ;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.
By the tried valor of his hand
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served ;—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

XXXV.

And when so oft for weal or wo
His life upon one fatal throw
Had been laid down,
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown,
And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all,
Then to Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,—

XXXVI.

Diciendo, buen Caballero,
Dexad el mundo engañoso
Con halago:
Vuestro corazon de acero
Muestre su esfuerzo famoso
En este trago.
Pues que de vida y salud
Hiciste tan poca cuenta
Por la fama,
Esfuércese la virtud
Para sufrir esta afrenta
Que os llama.

XXXVII.

No sé os haga tan amarga
La batalla temerosa
Que esperais,
Pues otra vida mas larga
De fama tan gloriosa
Aca dexais.
Aunque esta vida de honor
Tampoco no es eternal
Ni verdadera,
Mas con todo es muy mejor
Que la otra corporal
Perescedera.

XXXVI.

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mein;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,—
The closing scene.
Since thou hast been in battle-strife
So prodigal of health and life
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again,
Which on the last stern battle plain
Repeats thy name.

XXXVII.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, — nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.
A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

XXXVIII.

El vivir que es perdurable
No se gana con estados
Mundanales;
Ni con vida delectable
Donde moran los pecados
Infernales.
Mas los buenos Religiosos
Gánanla con oraciones
Y con lloros:
Los Caballeros famosos
Con trabajos y aflicciones
Contra Moros.

XXXIX.

Y pues vos claro varon
Tanta sangre derramastes
De paganos,
Esperad el galardon
Que en este mundo ganastes
Por las manos.
Y con esta confianza,
Y con la fe tan entera
Que teneis,
Partid con buena esperanza,
Que la otra vida tercera
Hallareis.

XXXVIII.

"The eternal life beyond the sky
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid, — the spirit
Corrupt with sin shall not inherit
A joy so great.
But the good monk in cloistered cell
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

XXXIX.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive at length
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.
Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess;
Depart, — thy hope is certainty,—
The third — the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

XL.

No gastemos tiempo ya
En esta vida mezquina
Por tal modo :
Que mi voluntad está
Conforme con la divina
Para todo.
Y consiento en mi morir
Con voluntad placentera
Clara y pura,
Que querer hombre vivir
Quando Dios quiere que muera,
Es gran locura.

XLI.

Tú que por nuestra maldad
Tomaste forma civil
Y baxo nombre,
Tú que á tu Divinidad
Juntaste cosa tan vil
Como el hombre,
Tú que tan grandes tormentos
Sufriste sin resistencia
En tu persona,
No por mis merecimientos,
Mas por tu suma clemencia
Me perdona.

XL.

"O death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of heaven my will shall be,—
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.
My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

XLI.

"O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,—
And in that form didst suffer here,
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O pardon me!"

XLII.

Así con tal entender
Todos sentidos humanos
Conservados,
Cercado de su muger,
Y de sus hijos y hermanos
Y criados;
Dió el alma á quien se la dió,
El qual la ponga en el cielo
Y en su gloria:
Y aunque la vida murió,
Nos dexó harto consuelo
Su memoria.

XLII.

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind,
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind,
His soul to Him, who gave it, rose; —
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

SONNETS,

MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

LOPE DE VEGA.

I.

EL BUEN PASTOR.

Pastor, que con tus silvos amorosos
Me despertaste del profundo sueño :
Tú, que hiciste cayado de ese leño
En que tiendes los brazos poderosos.
Vuelve los ojos á mi fe piadosos,
Pues te confieso por mi amor y dueño,
Y la palabra de seguir empeño
Tus dulces silvos y tus pies hermosos.
Oye, pastor, que por amores mueres,
No te espante el grandor de mis pecados,
Pues tan amigo de rendidos eres.
Espera, pues, y escucha mis cuidados :
Pero como te digo que me esperes,
Si estas para esperar los pies clavados.

LOPE DE VEGA.

I.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Shepherd! that with thine amorous sylvan song,
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,—
That madest thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long,
  Lead me to mercy's everflowing fountains,
For thou my shepherd, guard and guide shalt be,
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
  Hear, Shepherd! — thou that for thy flock art dying,
O wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
  O wait! — to thee my weary soul is crying, —
Wait for me! — yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou art waiting still for me

II.

MAÑANA.

¿Qué tengo yo que mi amistad procuras?
¿Qué interes se te sigue, Jesus mio,
Que á mi puerta cubierto de rocío
Pasas las noches del invierno escuras?
¡O cuanto fueron mis entrañas duras!
Pues no te abrí: ¡qué estraño desvarío!
Si de mi ingratitud el hielo frio
Pasmó las llagas de tus plantas puras.
Cuantas veces mi Ángel me decia:
Alma, asómate ahora á la ventana,
Verás con cuanto amor llamar porfia.
Y cuantas, hermosura soberana,
Mañana le abriremos, respondia,
Para lo mismo responder mañana.

II.

TOMORROW.

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me, — that thou didst wait
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! — that I did not greet
Thy bless'd approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
Soul, from thy casement look without and see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!
And oh! how often, to that voice of sorrow,
To-morrow we will open, I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answer'd still, to-morrow.

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

I.

EL PATRIO CIELO.

¡ Clara fuente de luz ! ¡ nuevo y hermoso
Rico de luminarias, patrio cielo !
¡ Casa de la verdad, sin sombra ó velo,
De inteligencias ledo almo reposo !
¡ O como allá te estás, cuerpo glorioso,
Tan lejos del mortal caduco anhelo.
Casi un Argos divino, alzado á vuelo
De nuestro humano error libre y piadoso.
¡ O patria amada ! á tí sospira y llora
Esta en su cárcel alma peregrina,
Llevada errando de uno en otro instante.
Esa cierta beldad que me enamora
Suerte y sazon me otorgue tan benina
Que do sube el amor llegue el amante.

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

I.

THE NATIVE LAND ON HIGH.

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! — without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its etherial essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in Heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.
Beloved country! — banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

II.

LA IMÁGEN DE DIOS.

¡Señor! que allá de la estrellada cumbre
Todo lo ves en un presente eterno,
Mira tu hechura en mí, que al ciego infierno
La lleva su terrena pesadumbre.
¡Eterno Sol! ya la encendida lumbre
De este mi alegre Abril florido y tierno
Muera, mas siento en el nevado invierno
Tan verde la raiz de su costumbre.
En mí tu imágen mira, ¡O Rey divino!
Con ojos de piedad, que al dulce encuentro
Del rayo celestial verás volvella:
Que á verse como en vidrio cristalino
La imágen mira el que se espeja dentro,
Y está en su vista de él, su mirar de ella.

II.

THE IMAGE OF THE DEITY.

O Lord! that seest from yon starry height
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal sun! — the warmth which thou hast given
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays,
Yet in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him, who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO.

I.

EL ARTE Y LA NATURALEZA.

Cansa la vista el artificio humano
Cuanto mayor mas presto ; la mas clara
Fuente y jardin compuestos dan en cara,
Que nuestro ingenio es breve y nuestro mano.
Aquel, aquel descuido soberano
De la naturaleza, en nada avara,
Con luenga admiracion suspende y para
Á quien le advierte con sentido sano.
Ver como corre eternamente un rio,
Como el campo se tiende en las llanuras
Y en los montes se anuda y se reduce,
Grandeza es siempre nueva y grata, Argío ;
Tal pero es el autor que las produce,
Un Dios inmenso en todas sus criaturas.

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO.

I.

ART AND NATURE.

The works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill,
And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But, O! the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal,
In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him, who hath a soul to feel.
The river moving on its ceaseless way,
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
And the blue hills, that bound the sylvan scene,
These speak of grandeur, that defies decay, —
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

II.

LAS DOS MIESES.

Yo vi romper aquestas vegas llanas
Y crecer vi y granar, en pocos meses,
Estas ayer, Sorino, rubias mieses,
Breves manojos hoy de espigas canas.
Estas vi que hoy son pajas, mas ufanas
Sus hojas desplegar, para que vieses
Vencida la esmeralda en sus enveses,
Las perlas en su haz por las mañanas.
Nació, creció, espigó y granó en un dia,
Lo que ves con la hoz hoy derrocado,
Lo que entónces tan otro parecia.
¿Qué somos, pues? ¿qué somos? un traslado
De esto; una mies, Sorino, mas tardía,
¡Y á cuantos sin granar los han segado!

II.

THE TWO HARVESTS.

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
Waved in the golden harvest; from the plain
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.
And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.
And what are we? a copy of that race,
The later harvest of a longer year!
And, O! how many fall before the ripened ear!

ANÓNIMO.

Á UN ARROYUELO.

¡ Risa del monte, de las aves lira !
¡ Pompa del prado, espejo de la aurora !
¡ Alma de Abril, espíritu de Flora,
Por quien la rosa y el jazmin espira !
Aunque tu curso en cuantos pasos gira
Tanta jurisdiccion argenta y dora,
Tu clara proceder mas me enamora
Que lo que en tí cada pastor admira.
¡ Cuan sin engaño tus entrañas puras
Dejan por transparente vidriera
Las guijuelas al número patentes !
¡ Cuan sin malicia cándida murmuras !
O sencillez de aquella edad primera,
Huyes del hombre y vives en las fuentes.

ANONYMOUS.

TO A BROOK.

Laugh of the mountain! Lyre of bird and tree!
Mirror of morn, and garniture of fields!
The soul of April, that so gently yields
The rose and jasmin bloom, leaps wild in thee!
Although where'er thy devious current strays
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems,
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom all transparent,
Through its pure crystal lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth round pebbles count.
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by,
Thou shunnest the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount.